



HIMES



RHYMES



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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LEIGHTON, BROS.



CHIMES AND RHYMES





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FOR

YOUTHFUL TIMES!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR PLETSCH.

Beautifully Printed in Colours.

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CHIMES AND RHYMES

FOR

YOUTHFUL TIMES!

THE BABY IN THE BASKET.

Little baby, prithee say,
 Baby in the basket ;
Where have you been all the day,
 Tell me when I ask it.

I have been a long, long way,
 Coos baby in the basket ;
But what I saw I cannot say,
 'Tis no use to ask it.

THE HORSE SHOE.

“ Good Mister Smith, I’ve come to you,
Because my horse has lost his shoe.”

“ Pray, sir, how did he do it ?”

“ Why, riding with the hounds one day,
He kicked in such a vicious way,
That then I think he threw it.”

“ For ever since he’s been quite lame,
So broken-spirited and tame,
He scarce can whisk his tail.”

“ Well, Master John, I can’t refuse,
I’ll make your horse some strong new
shoes,
First let me drive this nail.”









THE MILL.

Whirr-r, whirr-r, the mill sails
All the summer's day ;
Whirr-r, whirr-r, the mill sails,
And this is what they say.

Grinding, grinding, food for all,
Rich and poor, great and small ;
Grinding still in sun or shower,
Grinding corn to nice white flour.

Whirr-r, whirr-r, the mill sails
All the summer-long ;
Whirr-r, whirr-r, the mill sails,
Listen to their song.

CHIMNEY-SWEEP JACK.

Shake hands with Sweepy, my sweet
little miss,
Or perhaps you would like a nice sooty
kiss.

“Sweep, oh ! Sweep, oh !”
Oh, no ! cried Miss Alice, I’d much
rather not ;
Why, you are as black as my mother’s
old pot.

“Sweep, oh ! Sweep, oh !”

Well, Miss, I cannot help that you see,
If you had to go up the chimneys like me.

“Sweep, oh ! Sweep, oh !”
Your fair white skin might grow coarse
and black,
But don’t be afraid of Chimney-Sweep
Jack.

“Sweep, oh ! Sweep, oh !”









UNCLE GEORGE AND THE CABMAN.

Wake up, Mr. Cabby, wake up from
your nap,
Or with my umbrella I'll give you a rap ;
I wonder that you should sit sleeping
there,
Instead of looking out for a fare.

Wake up your horse, too, and give him
the rein,
For greatly I fear we are late for the
train—
The nine o'clock train for Brighton.
Be sure
And catch it in time, I'll give sixpence
more.

THE TRAVELLER.

Your very humble servant, sir,
What may I serve to you ?
We've lemonade and ginger beer,
And soda water, too.

Or would you like a glass of ale,
We have a splendid cask ;
For wine, or cider, anything,
You've only got to ask.







“TRUST, DOGGIE, TRUST.”

“Trust, doggie, trust,”

Indeed you must,
That bread is not paid for, you know,
And though tempted much more,
You would not I'm sure,
Eat a bit for which people owe.

There now it is paid for, doggie, dear,
You may gobble it up without any
fear;

So says little Harry to good old dog
Tray,

Who eats up the bread, and then
runs away.

THE SOLDIERS.

Hurrah ! here they come !
Our brave soldiers home,
To tell of the deeds they have done.
The long war is past,
And peace come at last,
After the victory won.

Hurrah ! here they come !
Our brave soldiers home,
But a tear comes into my eye,
When I think of the brave,
Who sleep in their grave,
Far from home 'neath a cold foreign
sky.













How is your Master, Dame Partlet,
dear?

That noisy old crowing Chanticleere,
Are you not glad that he is not here ?

“Cock-a-doodle-do.” Why, he’s coming
I fear.

There was ne’er such a baby

For climbing on chairs,

There was ne’er such a baby

For getting down stairs.

Climbing on chairs ! getting down
stairs !

There was ne’er such a baby her
mother declares.

THE CIRCUS.

T'was in the Christmas holidays,
The ground was white with snow,
When we all went to Astley's,
And sat in the front row.

Oh dear ! the wondrous sights we saw !
A clown baked in a pie,
A boy who jumped right through a hoop,
Whilst round his horse did fly.

I think if I may chose my trade,
When I am older grown,
I'd like above all other things,
At Astley's to be clown.











THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG.

Oh ! would you be a sailor boy
To sail upon the sea ?
Oh ! would you be a sailor boy ?
Then sail along with me.

Then sail along with me, my boy,
Across the ocean main,
And when the year comes round, my
boy,
We shall be home again.

We'll ride before the wind, my boy,
Before the wind so free ;
Then do not stay behind, my boy,
But sail along with me.

NEW BOOTS.

Tug away! Tug away!
Such boots are no play;
Try again! Try again!
With might and with main.

I'm sure they will fit
When you've worn them a bit,
Though at first they seem tight,
They will soon be all right.

And then you'll declare
There was ne'er such a pair
Of good boots to wear,
As those you have there.











Who lies there, with toes in the air?
Pillows were made, little boy, for the
 head,
And not to be kicked to the foot of the
 bed;
 But we do not care,
 So fat and so fair,
My saucy baby-boy lying there!

Tommy and Mary have been to the fair,
And what do you think they have
 brought from there?
A doll and a donkey that wags his head,
And two great cakes of ginger-bread.

DOLLY'S CRIB.

You see good Mr. Carpenter
My doll has grown so tall,
I really don't know what to do,
Her crib is much too small.

So, I have brought it, please, to you,
To take the foot-board out.
And you must make it wider, too,
For dolly's growing stout.











THE BOOKSELLER'S SHOP.

Young Walter he went to a bookseller's
shop,

And took off his hat with a bow :

“ I want, if you please, Sir, to look at a
book,

Have you got any pretty ones now ?”

“ Buds and Flowers” was pretty you
sold me last year.

And “ Schnick-Schnack,” I also
admired ;

But now I have grown a year older, you
see,

And of those childish books I am
tired.

“ Then here, Sir, I think, is just what
you want,

I'm sure it will give you delight,
It's the prettiest book I have in my shop,
Full of pictures, all coloured so bright.”

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

Little Miss Margaret had a sweet tooth,
And so I imagine had dear little Ruth ;
For when they were asked what they
 would like best,
They chose chocolate creams above all
 the rest.

Chocolate creams, such chocolate
 creams !

Never before were seen but in dreams,
Dreams of that wonderful Lolly-pop-
 land,
Where sugar plums lie like stones on
 the strand.









THE TRUANT BOOT CLEANER.

Three pair of boots !

Four pair of boots !

Five pair in all !

Standing all in a row in the hall,
Standing there for Jack to clean;
But Jack is no where to be seen.
Yes ! there he is in the wood, quite near,
And George has caught him by the ear.
“ Come back and clean the boots to-day,
Before you dare go out and play.”

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP.

Salts and Senna
Mix well together,
Rhubarb, magnesia,—
That's not for me, Sir ;
Plaisters and blisters,
Give those to my sisters ;

A bottle of mixture,
It would make me sick, sure,
“ When taken, well shaken,”
Old Sir, you're mistaken.

If fondly you think, I ever will drink,
Your horrible compounds of rhubarb
and worse,
I'll only take globules, and so I'll tell
nurse.











MY GARDEN.

I have a little garden,
Where many flowers grow,
Sweet primroses and violets,
And daisies in a row.

Red roses too, and columbine,
Are in my garden-plot ;
But still one flower is wanting there
A blue forget-me-not.

A little blue forget-me-not,
In colour like the sky,
Please, Gardener, will you get me
some ?

Well, little miss, I'll try.

THE WRITING MASTER.

“ Oh, Tommy, this is very bad,”
Said solemn Mr. Fink,
Upon your nice new copy book,
You’ve made a blot of ink.

You have not copied what I set,
But scribbled on the page,
Why little Arthur does as well,
Who is not half your age.

He never draws between the lines
Long straggling tails of kites,
Nor places crowing cocks upon
The capitals he writes.











THE GROCER'S SHOP.

“An ounce, if you please, of the very
best tea,

Pray let its flavour be fine.”

“A pound and a half of butter for me,
And a bottle of currant wine.”

“My mother has sent for some treacle,”
says Jack,

“Please put it into this jug.”

But when he is served he does not go
back,

But stands peeping into the mug.

Poor Janet has got little money to buy,

But she has some butter to sell,

So the grocer he takes her butter to try,

And gives baby a sweetie as well.

FATHER'S DINNER.

“ Now guess what we've bought you for
dinner to-day,”

Says neat little Katie Price,

“ Mother told us, be sure and run all
the way,

Because it is something nice.”

“ I give you three guesses, you cannot
have more ;

Once ! twice ! no, that will not do.

It is not boiled mutton, you said that
before.

What think you of Irish stew !”







THE CONTRAST.

Miss Polly is an idle girl,
She loves a game of play,
But when she reads a book, she says,
Her thoughts all rove away.

But Freddy is a studious boy.
To read is his delight,
And when he gets a book he likes,
He'll stay up all the night.

THE PORTRAIT.

I really must request you Sir,
To take that eye-glass out ;
I don't wish to be rude, but Sir,
You look a perfect lout.

Now pray don't move a muscle, Sir,
I'm ready to begin,
Put on a fascinating smile,
But do not, do not grin.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I really thought
I'd got a pretty pose,
But oh ! you've moved ; look there Sir,
now,
You've got a double nose !









THE STAG.

In the forest old,
A huntsman bold,
Is crouching in the snow ;
A stag he sees
Between the trees.
The poor stag does not know
Who lies in wait,
His life to take,
As homeward he doth go.

THE ARTIST.

Look, Robert, he is going to take
Our cottage with the trees,
I wonder if he'd like to make
A sketch of me with these.

Why I could paint as well as that,
He has not yet begun,
If he's so long beginning, at
What time will he have done.













THE PLOUGH.

Plough Ploughman-plough !

Then sow the corn,

Plough Ploughman-plough,

In the early morn.

Plough Ploughman-plough,

Though bent with toil,

Plough Ploughman-plough,

Turn up the soil.

In winter we scatter the seed in the
ground,

In summer we see the corn waving
around.

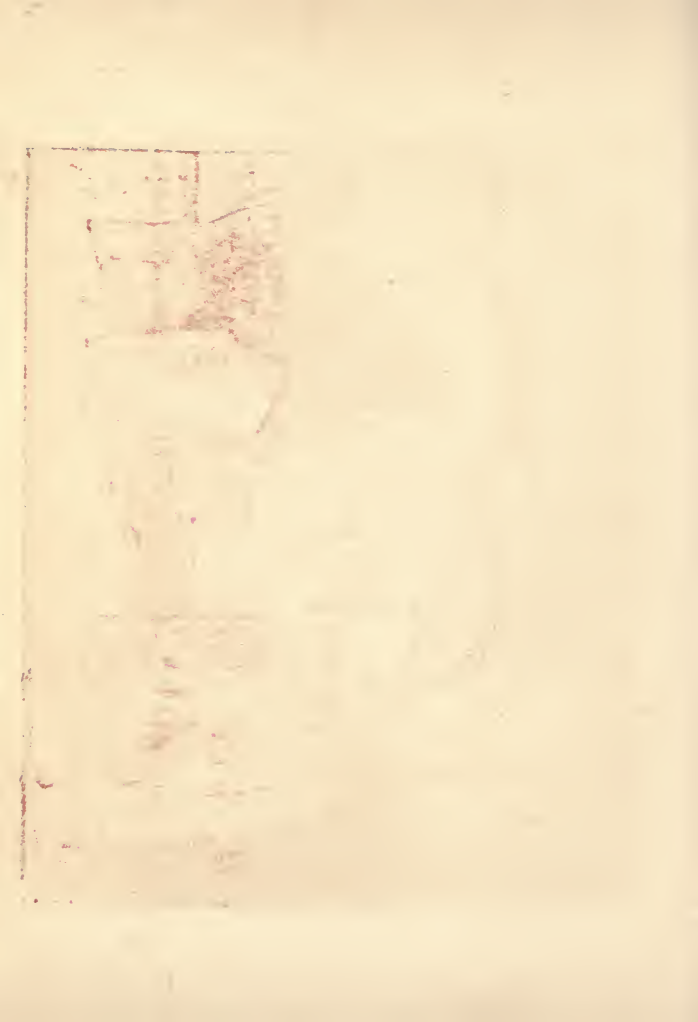
THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

“ Your head, you say, is very bad,
Your tongue is very white,
Pray, Nurse, can you account for this ?”
“ I think I can Sir, quite.”

“ For Master Charlie yesterday,
Stayed up, you see, to supper,
And eat six tarts and seven puffs
Instead of bread and butter.”

“ Well, now to-day Nurse, he must take
Six pills and seven draughts,
A warning to all little boys,
Who eat too many tarts.”







THE POSTMAN.

A letter ! a letter !
From over the sea,
I hope it contains
Some good news for me.

Good news from Charlie,
Our brave soldier boy !
I scarcely can find
The money for joy.

Snap barks at the Postman,
As much as to say,
What do you want here, Sir !
You'd best go away.

THE CONCERT.

Fiddle away,
Mary will play :
Hum, strum,
Fingers and thumb.
And now for the air,
You're out I declare :
Keep in time,
(What will rhyme ?)
You're too fast,
Which is last ?
You're too slow,
Does it go ?
Yes, all cry, bravo !













